

Ménage à Prime

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Ménage à Prime

by [Spoon888](#)

Summary

Starscream's creation day is fast approaching and Megatron lives in fear of whatever extravagant demands he's bound to make. Unfortunately, this year Starscream wants something different. Something that can't be brought.

And what Starscream wants, Starscream gets.

Notes

It's my 69th Transformers fic so it had to be extra smutty sorry I don't make the rules.

"I want a threesome."

It wasn't something usually announced over the evening refuel. Megatron had just taken a rather large swig of his fuel too. He might not have had he known the seeker was about to make a statement like *that*. Starscream had the nerve to act scandalised when Megatron choked and sent fuel spraying across the finely polished brass of the table.

"Megatron!"

Megatron was still hacking up his fuel. He had to stand, chair scrapping across the floor loudly as he gripped the table edge. "*What?!*" He wheezed.

"Disgusting!" Starscream was already trying to clean up the spray of spat out fuel. "It's like living with a sparkling-!"

"Starscream!" Megatron coughed again, voice an octave higher than it should have been. "What are you- a *threesome?!*"

Starscream looked up, cloth in hand. "For my creation day." He clarified, as if context made it any better. "A want a threesome with Prime."

This time Megatron choked on nothing but his own oral lubricant. Starscream rolled his optics and slapped the damp cloth against the table in exasperation as Megatron bowed over, heaving though his intakes.

"Wh- which Prime?!" His optics were streaming. "...Rodimus?"

Starscream flashed him a dark look. "This is for *me*, not you. If you want to me in a berth with a *race car* you're just going to have to wait for your own creation day. I want Optimus."

Over the years, Starscream had asked for a wide variety of extravagant, expensive, and seemingly unattainable gifts. Perseverance, and his own crippling fear of failure, had helped Megatron achieve every one of Starscream's impossible expectations so far, but this would be his most difficult task yet.

He watched Starscream lean over the table to reach the furthest specks of sprayed fuel. He cleared his vocaliser, doing his best to recompose himself.

"Is there anything else you would like?"

Starscream slid off the table, placing his servos on his hips and nodding at the now clean top before answering. "Polish." He decided.

Megatron nodded. *That* he could do.

Optimus's schedule was no less ram packed than usual, the hours that went into running a planet during peacetime equal to the hours that went into running a faction during civil war. The downside being that they were considerably more boring hours, and duties seemed to take twice as long to complete when he spent most of his time procrastinating over doing them.

So he was happy when the secretary drone informed him he had a visitor.

He was grateful for *any* interruption in his grueling desk hours, though somewhat flustered that they hadn't called ahead. He had spent the last hour tossing screwed up hard copies of legislation into the trash chute he was using as a goal at the other end of his office. He had missed nine out of ten shots, and the floor was littered in crumpled balls of files he should have been reading.

He managed to pick up most of his missed attempts before the door opened, but his embarrassment at being caught goofing off was doubled when none other than Megatron came thorough the door.

"Oh Primus." He murmured, stuffing the arm full of makeshift balls into his subspace.

"What was that?" Megatron asked, surveying the room with an arched brow, spying the odd missed piece of legislation.

"Nothing." Optimus straightened, gesturing Megatron over to the desk before he could pick up a crumpled ball and study it in any more detail. "Take a seat-"

Megatron was *already* taking a seat, ignoring the chair in front of Optimus's desk set out for visitors and opting to take the one behind it instead. *Optimus's* chair. The big one with the cushy seats and tall back and arm rests.

Optimus hesitated, unsure if Megatron had done it out of habit or was making some sort of show of intimidation. Not to be outdone, he too ignored the visitor's chair and took a seat *on* the desk, propping one large pede atop the armrest Megatron had been using.

He peered smugly down into Megatron's grumpy face. "To what do it owe the pleasure?"

Megatron knocked his foot off the armrest and straightened, ignoring the aft planted on the majority of the desk and the legs filling his vision to lay his arms down coolly, content to ignore that he was optic-level with once enemy's... *groin*.

Optimus expected to get drawn into some argument about something unbearably petty, like the frequency of trash collections. Or taxes. So he was considerably surprised when Megatron cleared his vocaliser, laced his hands together. And said,

"It is Starscream's creation day tomorrow."

Optimus stared. Megatron glared at the desk.

"Have you left it till the last minute again?" He hazarded a guess.

"No!" Megatron snapped, looking deeply offended.

"Well you *did* say tomorrow-"

"I have gotten him his present!" Megatron snarled. "What he wants is..." He seemed to struggle for a moment. "What he wants is *you*."

He said it with considerable venom, and red optics might as well have glinted green. Optimus couldn't understand the reason for the jealousy. Yes, he and Starscream had become acquaintances through the current political environment, but they disagreed on more policies than they agreed. And he was sure Starscream often opposed him just for the sake of spite, or amusement. He was never quite sure what that twisted little smirk he wore really meant.

"He's having a party?"

Megatron snorted, "That's one way of putting it..."

Optimus really couldn't imagine much worse than a Decepticon party, awkwardly shuffling into a scenario orchestrated by *Starscream* no less.

"I suppose it's as good as anyway to build bridges." He said, thinking if it didn't turn out to be an attempt on his life at least he wouldn't have to do anymore boring paperwork. "I will be happy to come."

The look on Megatron's face could only be described as poleaxed. He stared blankly for sometime. Optimus wondered if he'd gone into stasis with his optics online. "Megatron?" He poked him.

And nearly lost his whole hand, never mind just the finger. Megatron stood abruptly, expression as grumpy as ever but cheeks... flushed?

"Good." He snapped, and walked into the visitor's chair he should have taken as he moved around the desk. He knocked it over, went to pick it back up, seemed to realised that he was **Megatron** and Prime could pick up his own damn chair, straightened back up again, walked into the edge of the table, hissed, and then told Optimus to 'back off' when he stepped forward, concerned.

"Are you alright-"

"Fine!" Megatron barked, and walked into the wall with a loud thunk, knocking a picture down with a smash of screen. "What is wrong with your office?" He barked, gesturing to the chaotic mess he'd just created. "Shoddy workmanship!"

And with one last panicked spin that almost had him careening into the doorway, he was gone. Optimus looked at his displaced furniture and destroyed personal possessions, and sighed.

He'd have to leave a note with the secretary drone to take Megatron off the 'approved visitation' list.

"This is a bad idea." Skywarp mumbled into his fuel.

Lounging across his favourite sofa on the balcony of Iacon's hottest new refuelling station, Starscream snorted, swinging his pedes up and wedging Thundercracker even further into his half (quarter) of the seat. "It's foolproof."

"What makes you think Prime will even show?"

"Megatron is asking him. He'll come."

"And then what?" The sofa creaked when Thundercracker shifted, frowning at the pede Starscream had jammed against his thigh. "You're going to mash them together like a couple of action figures and hope for the best?"

Starscream sighed heavily, setting aside his cube. "I like Megatron. I find Optimus attractive-"

"Ooh, So he's *Op-ti-mus* now, huh?" Skywarp sung teasingly.

Starscream glared, "-And, I know them well enough to know this is what they need. Preferably before their bottled up frustrations spill over and turn an argument about something ridiculous like fuel tariffs into an excuse to restart the war."

"Prime isn't that petty."

"Megatron is." Starscream huffed. "Besides, it's been lonely with just Megatron and I. I'm not used to limiting myself to one partner."

He arched a brow, and both his trine nodded in understanding, seeing as they were his previous

threesome. In a platonic (only occasionally intimate) sense.

"So that's all? You don't have any other ulterior motives?"

He took another sip of his fuel, his trine watching him over the rim. He shrugged. "I suppose I'm rather looking forward to watching Megatron be pinned down for once. It has been some time since someone put him in his place."

Skywarp huffed. "Figures."

Optimus prided himself on punctuality, and was at Starscream's apartment door at precisely the hour Megatron had specified. In his hands he held Starscream's gift, as turning up empty handed, even to a enemy/friend's (Bumblebee had called it 'frenemy') home without one, was too rude for him to even consider.

He had decided on a professional gift, datapads and light-pens, not necessarily because he was the sort of mech to give stationary as gifts, but simply because Starscream never seemed to have any. At the very beginning of their wobbly attempts at peace he and Starscream had shared a working space, and he had been victim to Starscream little thefts often.

Most grating of all was that Starscream had considered the entirety of the office's contents his to use as he pleased, but Primus forbid Optimus should even so much as *look* at what Starscream's claimed his.

He pressed the door chime and composed himself, trying not to think too much on the pleasant melodic ping one wouldn't have expected a couple like the two most infamously dramatic Decepticons to have used. Though he wasn't entirely sure what he would have expected in it's place. Something creepier. More menacingly. Maybe the shrill squeal of string instruments one would hear during the climax of a horror flick.

He was overthinking this.

The door swept open and there was Starscream, gleaming and polished to a high shine. Which was, of course, no different to how he always looked. Beautiful.

He squashed that inappropriate thought quickly.

Behind Starscream the apartment was quiet and empty. He wasn't early. Perhaps Decepticons were fans of the arriving excessively late rule?

"Hello Starscream." He greeted mechanically, thrusting out the gift he'd brought in the most awkward, constipated manner imaginable. It was almost too much for him to think he was really here, in the home Starscream shared with Megatron, that he couldn't quite recall how to act... sane.

Starscream arched a brow and stifled a smirk. "Prime. Don't you look dashing."

His optics did the slow track up and down his frame that seekers often did. Optimus didn't squirm, because he was the Prime and could handle a little light judgment.

Starscream swept aside, and Optimus managed to put one foot in front of the other to enter the

warm, homely completely undecepticon-like apartment. "I see I'm early."

"No." Starscream placed the gift (thankfully unopened as Optimus had now decided it was a mortifyingly terrible one) on a side table and took a seat on the sofa, patting the cushion next to him. "You're just in time."

Optimus awkwardly lowered himself to sit, unsure if it would be worse being alone with just Starscream or the two of them together. "Ah, and where is-?"

"Megatron?" Starscream began pouring them drinks. "Losing a fight against the shower. I told him to scrape the muck out of his pede seams and he argued with me about it for twenty minutes instead of just doing it, so-" Starscream shrugged. "He'll be done when he's done. A drink?"

Optimus took the offered cube gratefully, taking a large gulp.

Starscream was watching him. "Nervous?" He purred, in a sexually charged, unsettling way.

Optimus hoped Megatron would hurry up in the shower. "Well I-"

He stopped when he felt a hand on his knee. He looked down, and Starscream's delicate smooth palm gave his knee a squeeze before trailing to his thigh, fingers tracing over the armour seams.

"What." He said stupidly, not really as a question but just as a noise to make so he didn't blurt something more embarrassing.

Starscream took the cube out of his servo and placed it on the side table. Optimus let himself sink back into the sofa when Starscream swung back towards him and *climbed into his lap*, heavier than he looked and fragrant with Ebonite Jasmine. Optimus stared up into his pretty face, sure that if it wasn't for his face-mask he would have been accosted with much more than just a smirk. He released a burst of confused static, hands hovering at Starscream's sides.

What sort of party was this?!

Starscream's hands were on his neck, thumbs searching the underside of his chin for the manual release on his face-mask, when thumping footsteps approached from a room behind them. Optimus dropped his head over the edge of the sofa to see an upside-down Megatron stomping his way into the room, angrily drying himself with a towel.

Starscream made no attempt to get off his lap, or make this look like anything but what it was.

Megatron looked up and Optimus's spark might as well have jumped into his throat as he waited for the explosion; the accusations of betrayal, for Megatron to fling hate and violence and war at him once again-

Megatron's face dropped into a frown. "You said you would wait." He snapped, and tossed the towel aside.

"He was here and you were not." Starscream hummed, stroking Optimus's helm fondly. "If you'd showered when I told you to-"

"I didn't *need* a shower, you over polished malfunction-"

"You're *embarrassing* me." Starscream hissed slowly, "In front of *Optimus*."

Megatron stopped and glared. Optimus flicked his optics between the two of them, wondering if

Starscream had slipped something into his fuel and knocked him out and this was all just a bizarre hallucinogenic episode.

"I'm not doing this on the sofa." Megatron grunted, turning back towards door. "I haven't the spinal-strut for it anymore-"

"He's falling apart." Starscream explained to Optimus, oblivious to how confused he was. He slipped off his lap, and Optimus found himself missing the warm weight, the delectable smell of his polish. Starscream took his hand and pulled him to his feet, leading him to what must be the berth room.

"What is going on?" He finally found the voice to ask.

"It's my creation day." Starscream smiled over a glimmering wing. "And you're my present."

"I feel the need to mention." Optimus insisted on distracting Starscream with *speaking*. "That Megatron invited me to a *party*-"

"This is a party." Megatron grunted, and the berth dipped with his great weight when he climbed on. From his position sat in the reclined Prime's lap, Starscream saw Optimus's optics brighten with interest at Megatron's proximity, and internally congratulated himself on being so good at reading big stupid mechs that could never admit to themselves what they wanted.

"This is an *orgy*." Optimus protested, hands flexing on Starscream's hips.

"Stop whining, Prime." Starscream scoffed. "Do you want to leave?"

Optimus's optics flicked from side to side, "...I wouldn't want to ruin your creation day."

"Exactly." Starscream tapped his face-mask. "Off."

Warily, Optimus did as asked, letting the mask split down the middle and fold back into his helm. He expected Starscream to dip and press his small, pretty mouth to his lips. But he didn't. Instead sitting back and nodding to Megatron.

That was all the warning Optimus had before a less small, but arguably just as pretty mouth dropped to his and kissed him with bruising force. He grunted in surprise and found the roll of tongue easy respond to. He would have expected rough, fierce lips and teeth urging him to submit, overwhelming him and dominating him as was Megatron's nature, but it was tentative, shy almost, leaving Optimus to chase after *him*, lifting a hand from Starscream's hip to rest it on the back of Megatron's head to bring him closer.

Noses squashed together when they parted but didn't draw away, Megatron shifting to change the angle and realign their mouths. Starscream's hand dropped over the one Optimus had resting on the back of Megatron's head, encouraging the deepening kiss as he began to rock his panel against Optimus's codpiece. Watching them was turning him on.

Feeling a surge of confidence and wanting to make Starscream's 'present' something he'd never forget, Optimus revved his engine. Both Decepticons seemed to melt a little, Megatron at his mouth and Starscream in his lap. He began rolling his hips up to meet Starscream's and caught

Megatron's bottom lip between his teeth until Megatron snarled.

Starscream didn't seem to need any more foreplay than watching them kiss, panel popping and grinding wetly over his codpiece. He released his own spike, and Starscream grabbed Megatron's wrist and drew it down Optimus's frame. He wrapped Megatron's big rough hand around Optimus's sensitive spike and Megatron stroked and squeezed until it was aching and Optimus was hissing into his mouth, moments away from spilling right into Megatron's hand.

Starscream was thankfully observant enough to notice, brushing Megatron's hand off him with a tutting noise. "You're going to send him off early, stupid."

Megatron's dark optics narrowed, but Optimus caught his cheek and kissed him again before he could interrupt things with an argument. Starscream's tight little valve was inches from his spike, and he ached to bury himself into it.

Starscream rose into his knees and began sinking onto it. Glorious heat swallowed his tip, but it was tight fit. He could feel every calliper struggling to cope as his spike split them apart. Luckily Starscream's valve was used to this treatment and quickly started to adjust. Starscream took it in his stride, head and wings thrown back, glossy thighs shaking as he dropped then rocked, *moaning*.

Optimus broke free of his and Megatron's kiss with a guttural noise of his own, listening to the sounds Starscream made as he took him to the hilt, his spike encased in gloriously soft and velvety mesh.

Megatron drew away, and Optimus tried to follow but Megatron rose onto his knees and moved behind Starscream, straddling Optimus's legs to cleave close to the seeker's back. Huge black hands slipped around the seeker's front from behind and cupped a turbine, thumb flicking over the centre, the other falling with a slip of metal on glass down Starscream's cockpit until Optimus felt fingers exploring the point where he and Starscream joined. Megatron's forefinger circled Starscream's node.

The seeker clenched around Optimus with a hum, and when Megatron rubbed a little more insistently, fell forwards with a curse. He caught himself with hands on Optimus's windshield, fingers smudging the glass, mouth open and cheeks flushed. "Yes, *yes*."

Megatron was kissing his neck, or biting it, dark piercing optics staring at Optimus over the top of a wing.

Optimus rose -disturbing Starscream's pace and earning himself a hiss of annoyance- until he was sitting up. Megatron leant over Starscream's shoulder to meet him in a kiss, Starscream nudged in at the last minute with an irritated mumble. Optimus opened his mouth, letting two pairs of lips close over his, Megatron rough and intoxicating and Starscream teasing and mesmerising.

He couldn't tell where they ended and he began, when they were focused on him or each other. Moments passed that were just a blur of tongues and lips and sighs. Megatron parted to watch him kiss Starscream. Optimus did, slowly, savouring it, before breaking away to watch Megatron take Starscream's narrow chin and kiss the beautiful, pliant creature between them.

Starscream twitched when Optimus felt a thick finger slip into his valve alongside his spike. Megatron was smirking as he moved it in and out in time with Optimus's movements. Starscream winced and squirmed and hissed, "I didn't mean at the *same time*."

"It'll be fine." Megatron reassured, slipping in another finger and kissing the back of his neck. He continued to stretch Starscream, and Optimus kept the seeker firmly in his lap with hands locked

around his thighs, letting Megatron do what needed to be done.

Finally Megatron withdrew and lined himself up, and Optimus laid back on the berth, a fidgeting Starscream hugged close to his chest. Megatron took himself in hand and Optimus kissed Starscream lazily, watching with hooded optics as he felt Megatron press his spike against Starscream's valve, the blunt tip bumping his own shaft as it fought for space.

Starscream shuddered, breath hitching, then there was a release of callipers, a *pop*, and Megatron's satisfied sigh drowned out by Starscream's sharp curse.

"You-!" Starscream growled, trying to rise. "You stupid-*no don't move!*"

The three of them stilled, Optimus on his back below and Megatron on top with Starscream sandwiched between him, all panting harshly, the tightness near unbearable but utterly perfect. Optimus could feel the twitch of Megatron's large spike wedged up alongside his own. The ripple of Starscream's stretched to capacity valve. His tanks clenched.

"You said you'd done this before." Megatron murmured against the side of Starscream's head, winking at Optimus playfully. Optimus fought a smile but failed.

The seeker's optics were clenched shut in concentration. "Not with- you and-" he broke off, optics flickering open and blinking away the wetness that had gathered in the optical fluid channels from the strain. "You're - not quite the same -"

"Just tell us we're too big for you." Megatron mumbled, and hitched forwards a little.

Starscream hissed and Optimus grunted, already struggling not to move. He tried to soothe the situation. "Megatron, don't tease him-"

"I'm *not* saying that." Starscream hissed over his shoulder, then looked to Optimus. "His *ego* is the only thing here that's big-!"

Megatron rocked into him a little more insistently then, and that was as long as the pair of them were willing to wait it seemed. Optimus was just dragged along for the ride, a hand on Starscream's thigh and another on Megatron's hip, until Starscream's wheezing breaths stuttered into the gasps of a mech about to overload. Megatron moved faster, chasing him into it, fragging him so roughly Optimus felt himself being shunted across the covers too.

Before he knew what was happening, Starscream was overloading with a shriek, charge sizzling through his frame and static crackling in the air. Callipers gripped and released in a fluttering rhythm, and lubrication ducts released their excess in a gush that trickled down and drenched Optimus's groin.

Megatron stopped, but he hadn't finished, and with more care than Optimus would have ever expected, he slipped out of Starscream's utterly wrecked frame. Optimus rolled onto his side and together they laid Starscream on the berth beside them. He was awake, sort of, optics glazed over and smile blissfully stupid.

"You'll feel that in the morning." Megatron stroked a hand over a limp wing. Starscream blinked to focus on them.

"Keep going," He wheezed, voice filled with static from all his howling.

Optimus squinted between the two Decepticons, "I think we'd kill you if we kept-"

"Not me. You." Starscream rolled lazily into a better position, dragging a pillow under his head to prop it up for a better view. "I want to watch you."

Megatron looked conflicted, bending close and murmuring quietly like he hoped Optimus might not hear him say, "...But this isn't *my* 'present'."

"Just let him frag you, you horny old fool." Starscream snapped. "And make it good Prime."

"Well," Optimus said, and realising what it was Starscream was after, drew Megatron back by his huge shoulders to face him. "It *is* his creation day."

Megatron could offer no further protests when he dove in for a kiss.

Mere minutes later found Optimus comfortably situated between Megatron's powerful warframe thighs, both of them trembling with pleasure as he fragged him. Starscream was wedged against Megatron's side, kissing his shoulder and stroking his spike, soft palm working the tip to make him whine all the louder when Optimus pressed deep and ground into him, plundering his depths and turning one of the most fearsome warriors of the last three ages into a listless overwhelmed pile of scrap.

The sharp hissing gasps alone told him Megatron wasn't a mech that submitted to a spiking often.

Starscream's soft endearing kisses to Megatron's helm and neck were a counterpoint to the way he kept turning to Optimus, optics dark and sly, and ordering him to be faster, meaner, *harder*.

Optimus rode Megatron into the berth, knowing from experience he could take it, regardless of the howls that were putting such a big grin on Starscream's face. He slammed forward, worked his hips in a figure eight, grinding his spike as deep as he could reach, and finally Megatron threw his head back and roared, spike spurting thick ropes of transfluid across his own chest.

Starscream cooed happily, still palming his softening spike and nibbling at his jaw. Optimus hitched one of Megatron's limp legs up to adjust the angle and chase his own overload.

But it wasn't what Starscream wanted. He pushed him off Megatron, pressed him back into the berth, and corralled an exhausted, dizzy Megatron to his knees.

Optimus watched in amazement as together they draped themselves over his legs. Starscream opened his mouth and sucked the tip of his spike into his mouth, tongue flicking over the slit. Megatron focused on the shaft, kissing and nuzzling and huffing against it lazily. Optimus placed a hand on both of their heads in encouragement, optics hazy with lust but unable to look away.

Megatron and Starscream switched places, Starscream tonguing at his shaft whilst Megatron's warm hot mouth enveloped the tip, sucking hard and then taking it into his throat. Optimus convulsed with a moan, tanks clenching with the effort it took not to overload. He wanted this to last, wanted to keep watching these two terrifying Decepticons with hollowed cheeks and wet lips stare up at him adoringly as they sucked his spike and *moaned* at how good it felt in their mouths.

Megatron did something unspeakably clever with his tongue to the tip, and only Optimus gripping the base of his spike and squeezing stopped him from overloading all over his oldest friend's face.

"Where did you leant to do that?" He asked stutteringly, not even caring for the answer.

Megatron pulled off with a wet pop and glanced knowingly at Starscream, who also lifted his head to share a long wet, lust filled kiss with Megatron before returning to the task at hand.

It was when Megatron swallowed him again, and took him right down to the hilt, that Optimus finally had to overload, *into* Megatron's mouth, with little more warning than a stifled groan of desire. He watched Megatron take it, drawing back to fasten his mouth around the head and taste it, throat working loudly to swallow what came his way.

When Optimus finished, Megatron pulled off gently, letting the limp spike fall from his mouth. Starscream immediately dived in to kiss Megatron, tongue licking away a trickle of transfluid that was escaping the corner of Megatron's mouth.

Optimus's chest throbbed as they fell about kissing each other, purring and humming happily and so obviously enamoured with one another. Groggily, he began to rise.

"Where are you going?"

Starscream was pinned under Megatron, frowning an unhappy little frown at his apparent escape attempt. Optimus straightened up, ignoring the fluids staining his thighs as he cleared his throat. "I am a busy mech, as I imagine the both of you are, so I'll-"

With a frustrated noise Megatron rose and caught him by the window wiper. It was either move with him or risk it being snapped off, which was how Optimus found himself back in the berth, flat on his back next to a grinning Starscream, as Megatron climbed over them both.

"It's still my creation day." Starscream reminded him, playing with the glass of his windshield and wiggling closer. It was made all the more claustrophobia by Megatron bearing down on them, working a knee between both his thighs and Starscream's.

"And tomorrow?" He asked hoarsely, grunting when Megatron's weight came down on top of him.

"Just stay." Megatron ordered, and kissed him so hard his intakes stopped sucking in air.

"Can't have too much of a good thing, Optimus." Starscream purred.

Optimus supposed there'd be no harm in staying the night, and maybe a little longer after.

It *was* Starscream's creation day after all...

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